

Two Poems

by [Bibhu Padhi](#) (August 2018)



Staffa, Fingal's Cave, William Turner, 1832

Caves

The meditative caves wherein
the ancient *rishis* offered their prayers

in the dark, are like the nights.

We close our eyes.

Whose breath comes in

and goes out, like life?

In the midst of speechlessness,
I invite my ancestors.

They are here, almost
touching me, their

light breath falls on my
brown skin, digs out histories.

The caves are here, will
always be there.

Deep under the sea water,
far from the diver's mask.

Whose wandering voice
takes hold of me wherever I am?

Who plays his dark games
far inside the body's mysteries?



Boat with Sail, Nikolaos Lytras, 1923

Boatman

Everyone who moves about
this place, will see you
standing on your boat, waiting

for your invisible passengers.

What do you do when
you are lonely, who

do you seek on this

expansive sea of tiger grass
and thick bushes?

I come here every day, watch
you watching the birds,
like an efficient bird-watcher.

What else do you do to keep
yourself less lonely, just
a little better than yourself?

Today you are not here:
I heard that someone
stole your boat

even as you were on it,
with the long rod that would have
guided you to the invisible shore.

Bibhu Padhi has published eleven books of poetry. His poems have appeared in distinguished magazines throughout the English-speaking world. He lives with his family in

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